

The following are bits of audio found on a handheld tape recorder recovered in Northeastern Maine.

March 12th, 1998

The fog is still strong around town. I mean it's not like I'm not used to fog, being born and raised here in Maine, but still, the fog has been so thick for the past 4 days. I can't remember the last time it's lasted this long. Anyway, I was going to wait for the fog to let up before going to the store, but I'm just about out of food by now, so it looks like I'll be going tomorrow whether or not it's cleared up.

March 13th, 1998

Fog still very thick all around town. I almost crashed my bike twice! It was just so hard to see! Anyway, I stocked up on food so I should be good for almost another week. This fog should definitely be gone by then.

March 15th, 1998

Fog seems THICKER today, if that's even possible! I went outside, just walking around my house, and held my hand up to my face and could only see it when it was a foot away! No chance of me going anywhere with such low visibility. This better clear up soon. I'm getting very bored being alone in the house all day.

Later on, March 15th, 1998

And now the power's out. WONDERFUL.

March 16th, 1998

I HATE THIS FOOOOOOOG! GODDAMNIT CLEAR THE FUCK UP
ALREADY!

*There is a loud crashing noise, presumed to be the tape recorder

hitting the wall.*

March 17th, 1998

I'm not imagining it! This fog is getting thicker. I went outside and performed the hand test again today. About 6 inches. That is how far I can see. For a minute I couldn't find my house when I tried to come back inside. That REALLY freaked me out. After stumbling forward for a few seconds I was able to get back inside. But those few seconds of not being able to see AND not knowing where I was were some of the scariest of my life.

March 18th, 1998

I'm not going outside anymore. That's three times now I could've sworn I saw something out there. Something in the fog...

March 19th, 1998

Definitely saw something out there. Just enough to make out the silhouette of some big wings. Still not going out there. Food is almost gone again. Still no power. Things aren't looking good...

March 20th, 1998

Something just flew into my window. Something just flew into it. FLEW. INTO. IT. Oh God now I'm really getting scared. Seriously this shit is getting way too

A large THUD can be heard.

AAGH! SHIT! SHIT! SHIT! THERE IT IS AGAIN!

The crash of what sounds like the tape recorder dropping to the floor can be heard.

[Softer and what sounds like farther away:] Oh shit oh shit oh shit they're gonna break the windows they're GONNA BREAK THE WIN-

March 21st, 1998

Food is gone. I'm gonna have to try and find my way to the store or somewhere in town. I know I said I'd never go outside, but this fog isn't clearing up. If I stay in there, I'll starve.

Sound of door opening

Ok, here I go.

Sound of several Footsteps

Alright I'm walking down my driveway now. I can only see about 2 inches in front of me. It's just so thick and dark. Alright. I'm just gonna go slow an-

A loud screech can be heard.

SHIT! Back inside back inside!

Sound of quick footsteps.

Wait... Where... Where is my house?

More footsteps.

No this... This isn't right. It should be here! IT SHOULD BE RIGHT HERE!

Same screech is heard. Slightly louder.

AGH! SHITSHITSHITSHIT.

Loud fast footsteps and heavy breathing can be heard. Narrator presumably running.

ARMPF!

*Loud crashing and distortion noises. Narrator presumably tripped

and fell.*

Ow! Goddamnit. Fuck I have no idea where I am. And those things... Those things are coming. They're gon-

Same screech is heard quite loudly.

AAAAGH!!!

[The remaining :09 seconds of tape are garbled screeching and gurgling sounds.]

This tape recorder was found in the woods, about 12 miles from the nearest house or town.